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The 'Way Out' Magazine



THE BOOB BINGE
THE EROTIC DOLLS
OF HANS BELLMER
THE BREAST
LINDA LANS

FOR ENTERTAINMENT
OF ADULTS ONLY
Sale to Minors Prohibited

38-26-34

THE 'WAY OUT' MAGAZINE

VOL. 9 NO. 2

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EDITORIAL

In a recent editorial, the San Jose (Calif.) News took note of the passing of the City Entertainment Commission into the bureaucratic boneyard. The commission's duties had been to "preview" motion pictures.

The News editorial displayed no signs of regret at the commission's passing. On the contrary, it seemed to exhibit a degree of relief.

Even though the commission had been a pretty discreet body when it was in existence, the News stated, it always "represented a temptation to those who favored censorship." The city council was praised by the paper for abolishing the commission for that very reason.

"Censorship is a dangerous thing, and out of place in a free country," the News declared piously. Then it went on to suggest that cases involving erotica would be better handled by the courts, as if those courts, mantled in their judicial trappings, might be so disguised as not to appear to be agencies for censorship, but rather to look like august bodies with the wisdom to interpret the laws relating to the 1st Amendment.

The Constitution clearly states that "Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech or of the press...."

With all respect to the News for its devotion to the constitutionality of due process, the function of the courts, in those cases involving the 1st Amendment, boils down to one simple question: How do you interpret the word "no?"









HEAVENLY HANGERS

INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, WANDA MADE EVERY EFFORT SHE COULD, AS SHE WAS GROWING UP, TO HIDE HER JUGS. BUT THE OLDER SHE BECAME, THE LARGER THEY GREW UNTIL IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO OBSCURE THE FACT THAT SHE WAS A BIG-BREASTED GAL. FOR REASONS WHICH SHE STILL CAN'T FATHOM, WANDA WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HAVING LARGE BREASTS WAS "FREAKY" AS SHE CALLS IT.





ONE DAY, DURING THE TIME SHE WAS A SENIOR IN HIGH SCHOOL, SHE AND A GROUP OF OTHER GIRLS WERE PRACTICING THEIR ROUTINES AS CHEERLEADERS ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD WHEN HER TIGHT-FITTING BRA BURST. OUT POPPED HER GLOBES, FORCING THE FRONT OF HER SWEATER STRAIGHT OUT.







WHEN MEMBERS OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM, PRACTICING ON THE FIELD, SAW HER THEY WENT APE AND BEGAN TO WHISTLE THEIR APPROVAL. WANDA REALIZED THEN AND THERE THAT SHE HAD SOMETHING GOING FOR HER.





I twisted his wrist so hard, he forgot about the magnum and dropped it.

THE BREAST LAID PLANS...

By Maurie Goodman

She didn't have the money to pay his stiff fee, but her big-breasted body would pass for a gilt-edged collateral.

It sometimes happens. I mean, not *all* private investigators are honest men. Some turn a buck by taking advantage of the very people

who have hired them. Those kind I hate. They make it difficult for the majority of us.

Jack Fenner is a good example of what I'm talking about. Peggy Castle went to him with her problems and wound up paying him blackmail. By the time she came to see me, she was a nervous wreck. By the time I managed to straighten



things out, I was the one with the heebie-jeebies!

It began when Peggy walked into my office. She sat on a chair in front of my desk and tossed her mane of jet-black hair from one shoulder to the other. She had magnificent breasts, unfettered by anything so conventional as a brassiere, which shook back and forth with each movement she made. "I'm at my wit's end," she said, her husky voice rising by degrees as she talked. "I didn't know what to do or where to turn. Dorothy . . . Dorothy Walston said you were the one person who could help me."

Dorothy was one of my best walking advertisements. Once, several years ago, she had asked me to help her get out of prostitution. Only a sleazy pimp stood between her and an honest way of life. I had taken the simple approach and put a heavy arm on the pimp. By the time he had gotten out of the hospital, Dorothy was already working a square gig. The pimp had left for parts unknown. Dorothy had found a nice guy, married him, and bore him three kids. Every once in awhile, a friend of hers would come to her with a tale of woe. Dorothy always sends them to me.

I nodded my head. "Dorothy and I are good friends, Peggy. If she thinks I can help you, maybe I can. Tell me about it."

Peggy nodded her head. "About a year ago, I looked up a private investigator through the Yellow Pages," she continued. "Jack Fenner's advertisement looked the fanciest, so I called him."

"And that was your first mistake," I said. I offered her a cigarette, shook two out of the pack when she bobbed her head, lit them, then handed her one. "The best . . . the only advertisement is word-of-mouth. Guys like Fenner leave only disappointment behind them. That's why they have to spend a ton advertising in spots like the Yellow Pages."

Peggy nodded in silent agreement. "Anyway, I saw him because I thought my husband was cheating on me. Harold and I should never have gotten married in the first place. We were too far apart on too many basics. We've since divorced. But, at the time I retained Fenner, I was simply trying to get some evi-

dence of my husband's infidelity . . . evidence I might use in divorce court."

She hesitated. I waited a second. When she didn't continue, I prodded her a little. "So? What happened?"

"So, Fenner somehow learned that I was once a working chick!" Peggy spilled the words out as fast as she could, running them together in her hurry to finish what was obviously a distasteful subject.

"And he told you he wouldn't tell your husband if you would just pay him a little money. Right?"

She nodded, her eyes widening. "Right! But, how did you know?"

"That just sounded like something Fenner would do," I replied. "Okay, Peggy, now that you've told me your story, what do you want me to do? You say you're divorced; so, you don't have to worry about your ex learning of your hustling past. What is it I can do for you?"

She sighed, making those enormous breasts of hers shiver again. "Fenner has been blackmailing me for almost a year, Mr. Hoode. I've paid him so much money I'm on the verge of losing everything."

I shrugged. "I still don't see . . ."

"He's got some pictures!" she said. "Pictures taken of me and a . . . a trick years ago. He'll hold them over my head until I go bankrupt. Every time I find a fella I think I might like to settle down with, he'll jack the price up, threatening to flash those goddamned pictures. Help me, Hoode! Please get those pictures for me!"

She was on the verge of tears. Her body was trembling as she tried to hold the sobs back. I got up and walked around my desk. Putting my hand on her shoulder, I said, "Don't worry, kid. I'll see what I can do."

"I . . . I don't have much money," she said, her eyes glistening.

"We'll worry about that later," I answered. "But, first let's see what we can do."

Maybe I'm a sucker for a good-looking broad with a sad story. Or maybe I was just thinking about how nice it would be to get my hands on Peggy's delicious tits. Or maybe I agreed to take her case because I hate phony p-eyes who take advantage of people who trusted them. In any case, I was standing inside Jack Fenner's office less than an hour

after I had dropped Peggy off at her Sunset Strip apartment house.

Fenner is a tall, thin guy with shoulders no wider than the average coat hanger. He has a narrow face. Wears mod sunglasses. And sports a pencil-thin mustache above his wide upper lip. I don't think the guy could lick his lips, much less tangle with a fellow private investigator carrying a heavy mad-on.

All the way over to his office building, I had been thinking about how he had double-dealt Peggy Castille. That kind of thing gave every p-eye in the business a bad name. Aside from that, it took a special kind of louse to do business that way. Thinking about it had steamed me so that by the time I reached him, I was as hot as a charging Cape buffalo!

Fenner had gotten to his feet as I entered, then extended his arm as if to shake my hand. I gripped hard, jerked forward to yank him off balance, then slammed his arm downward, banging the back of his hand against the top of the desk. "Hoode!" he yelled, wincing with the sudden, unexpected pain. "What the hell is this? I thought we were friends."

I pulled forward just enough to stretch his wrist out over the edge of the desk. One hard shove and I'd snap it in three places. "We were never friends, creep!" I said, letting him take a good look at what was in my eyes. "So, I'll make this short and sweet. You've got some pictures of a nice kid named Peggy Castille. I want them. Now!"

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about," he started. "You've got no business . . ."

With that, I pushed down hard against his wrist! He let out a holler. And I kept the pressure right where it hurt the most. "You lie to me again and I'll start breaking your bones, man!" I warned. "Now, I'll ask one more time nice-like . . . where are those pictures you've been using to blackmail Peggy Castille?"

He was biting his lower lip against the pain. I put down a little more pressure. He cried out. Then, no longer interested in pressing his luck, he said, "I . . . I've got them in the wall safe."

I let go of his arm. "Get them!"

He walked across the room and fumbled with the dial of a small wall safe hidden behind a color portrait of Lake Isabella. A moment later, the thick steel door popped open. He reached inside, picked out a small manila envelope, and handed it to me. I looked at a half dozen snapshots of Peggy Castille going down on some heavy-set joker. To be honest, I enjoyed the view. I mean, that chick really does have a most righteous body!

"I won't forget this, Hoode!"

Fenner's voice snapped me out of my momentary reverie. I looked up from the envelope to see him glaring at me as he rubbed his sore wrist. "I mean it," he said, trying to look extra mean. "I'll get you for this!"

I gave him a very large grin. "I know, Fenner," I answered. "You're a real toughie, you are."

And then I turned around and walked out of his place to leave him standing there with an empty expression on his sallow face.

Peggy was wearing a multi-colored silk housecoat when she opened the door of her apartment for me a half hour later. "Hey," she greeted, obviously surprised, "what brings you back so soon?"

I reached inside my sport coat and withdrew the manila envelope. "Is this what you were looking for?" I asked, handing it to her.

She opened the envelope and peeked inside. Her eyes popped as wide as they're ever going to, and a huge grin splashed over her face, lighting up her beautiful features as if they'd been touched by a battery of neon lights. "Oh, Hoode!" she squealed, coming into my arms to hug herself tight against me. "You're fantastic! Did you know that? You are really something else!"

She held herself against me for several long seconds. I could feel her short, excited, breathing, feel those magnificent breasts pushing against my chest, feel her hot breath against my neck. Then, abruptly, she pushed herself out to arm's length and met my eyes with a long, searching look. "What can I do to pay you?" she asked.

Both of us knew what she

meant by that! She hadn't asked me how much she owed me. She had just asked how she could pay. I put my hands on her shoulders and smiled. "Well, to begin with, you could open that robe and let me see those beautiful boobs of yours," I answered

Her eyes never left mine. "I just knew you'd say that," she said. And then she untied the sash of her robe and let it fall open!

I let my gaze travel down her face and throat, then stopped cold when I saw her naked breasts. I mean, those were the largest knockers I have ever seen! Either one of them was more warm flesh than I could hold in both of my cupped hands. Two enormous globes of milk white flesh, the very sight of them caused my cock to start straining against the front of my slacks. Each pinkish brown nipple was as wide around as a baby's palm, rising up from each perfectly formed circle to points as long and as thick as an extraordinarily large pencil eraser.

I cupped the palm of my hand beneath one of the marvelous globes. As heavy as it was, it didn't sag down against her rib cage. But, rather, it stood firm and proud. Fantastic!

"Has anyone ever told you how out of sight these are?" I asked, moving my hand up the slope of satin-smooth flesh to tweak her nipple between my thumb and forefinger.

She smiled, apparently enjoying the caress. "I've never been ashamed of them, Hoode. Believe it or not, my titties have been darned near this big since I was a freshman in high school. Can you imagine how I used to drive my classmates nuts?"

Then, gently, she reached down and gripped the head of my cock between her fingers. "You're not exactly underdeveloped yourself," she said, squeezing hard. "Let's go into the bedroom. I want to try it on for size."

Within seconds, we were lying naked upon her bed. Her ripe mouth was crushed against mine. Her tongue was invading the hollows of my mouth. Her hands were all over my body, always coming back to rest or squeeze against my cock.

I eased my hand down past her soft stomach and moved my forefinger into her slit. She was as damp and hot down there as anyone I've ever known! "Can't help it," she giggled. "You are making me so damned hot I'm going out of my mind!"

I rolled her onto her back and got on top of her. She opened her legs like an eager school girl, then reached down between our bodies and guided my shaft into her puckered opening. I gave a violent shove and buried myself up to the hilt, ramming so hard my pelvic bone actually bumped hers on the first thrust. Peggy cried out. Her head flopped to one side, then the other. Her hands reached up to cup behind my neck. Soon, they were hanging onto my shoulders, her fingernails digging into the ridges of muscle there with each pistonning thrust of my shaft. "Oh, Hoode," she murmured, her words spurring me on to harder, faster movements. "Fuck me! Slam that thing into me and make me come! Do it, you sweet savage! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Her legs stiffened straight out and wide apart a few seconds later. I looked at her gorgeous face. She was straining to reach her climax. Her head was thrown back. Her entire body was trembling. Grunting, I began to ram in and out of her as fast and as hard as I could. She arched straight up off the bed and emitted a long, drawn-out groan. Only her shoulders and heels were touching the bed as spasm after spasm of muscle-tensing fulfillment strained her voluptuous body.

It was everything I could do to hold back until she had finished. Once she finally dropped back down limp against the bed, however, I drove my cock in and out of her several times in rapid succession. "Ready?" I asked, wanting her permission.

She locked her arms around my neck. "Oh yes, Hoode!" she allowed, biting my earlobe as she whispered. "Do it. Do it!"

My sperm was travelling the length of my cock. Just before it burst out of the tiny opening at its head, I withdrew and instantly slid my body upward until my belly was resting lightly against her face.

(continued on page 48)

TIPS ON A CUE-T

PLAYING POOL, AS SHE FREQUENTLY DOES, MARA IS NOT SO CONCERNED ABOUT HITTING A BALL INTO ONE OF THE SIDE POCKETS AS SHE IS ABOUT DROPPING ONE OF HER BIG PENDULOUS JUGS INTO A POCKET INADVERTENTLY.



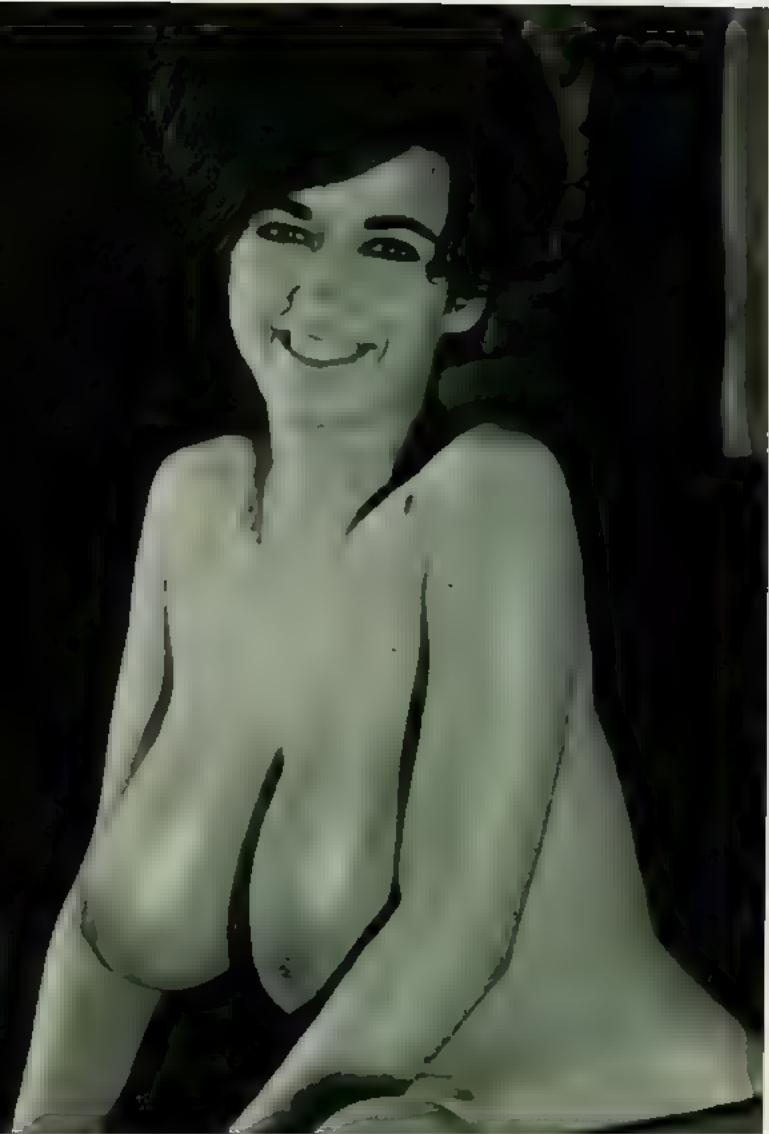




IT IS THIS VERY HAZARD WHICH
ENABLES MARA TO WIN MOST OF
THE TIME WHEN SHE MATCHES HER
SKILL AGAINST MALE PLAYERS







GUYS PLAYING POOL WITH MARA ARE GENERALLY MORE INTERESTED IN FORCING HER INTO A "STRETCH" SHOT OVER THE TABLE, THAN THEY ARE IN SINKING ONE OF THE BALLS. IN FACT, THE DUDES BET AMONG THEMSELVES THAT THEY CAN GET MARA TO BEND OVER THE TABLE AND LET ONE OF HER BOOBS COME TO REST ON THE GREEN SURFACE. THEY PAY OFF IN GREEN.



THE EROTIC DOLLS OF HANS BELLMER

BY ANNETTE COLLINSDALE

IN HIS PASSIONATE DETERMINATION TO CREATE AN ARTIFICIAL DOLL, HANS BELLMER LAUNCHED INTO A FRENZY OF DRAWING THAT KNEW NO SURCEASE.

One morning Hans Bellmer, then the head of an industrial advertising agency, made this rather startling announcement to his wife: "I'm going to build an artificial girl!"

What Frau Bellmer's immediate reaction was, we don't know. It's doubtful, though, that she slapped his face or even turned off the fire under the sausages. The creation of the *Doll* or *Poupée*, as it is sometimes called, was the culmination of many forces, both internal and external. It was almost inevitable and Bellmer's wife must have seen it coming.

Being an industrial advertising man was, at best, a compromise for Hans Bellmer. Earlier, his domineering father had pushed him into engineering school, which he detested. He dropped out and became friends with George Grosz, one of the most shockingly satirical artists the twentieth century has yet known.

"Always be a savage critic of society," Grosz advised him. Realizing that he wanted to be an artist himself, Bellmer began to draw. Everywhere he went, he kept drawing, in the subways, restaurants, cafes. He managed to spend three months in Paris, but shortly after his return in 1927, he decided to get married. The responsibilities of family life demanded that he earn a living and so the ad agency was formed. In this vocation he was able to combine his technical training with his artistic skill, but it was far from satisfying. In his spare time he drew little girls.

Things didn't get better. His young wife was treated for tuberculosis and he developed an imaginary case of the disease himself. At the same time Hitler was turning Germany into a fascist state and Bellmer was more aware than most Germans what this could mean. Everything was closing in. . . .

One evening in 1933 he attended a performance of *The Tales of Hoffmann* in which a doll figures prominently. At about the same time his mother sent him a trunkload of his childhood belongings which reminded him of so many things, his early creativity, his hopes and, as many critics maintain, his outright hatred of his father.

Soon after this he decided to make the "artificial girl." Producing the *Doll* wasn't at all an act of demented escapism or regression to childhood as it might seem on the surface. It was an act of bold defi-



In a phantasmagoria of female/male genitalia, Bellmer seems to be saying that the eye is in the sex of the beholder.



Top: Bellmer has portrayed a woman composed of a series of vaginas, both suggested and obvious.
Bottom: A female somewhat strung-out, perhaps contemplating the detached mammalia which surround her.

ance against the many influences which constrained him and above all, it was a gesture of rebellion against the Nazi powers.

As Alain Jouffroy wrote, "Shortly thereafter he ceased all activity that might be considered useful to the State. . . . The haste and enthusiasm with which he set to work and the contagion which he immediately spread about him were such that his brother dropped everything and for two months joined in the clandestine construction of the artificial girl." Also his wife and a young girl cousin involved themselves in the project. The Bellmers were at work on a doll, all right, and in feverish, traitorous spirit.

What emerged, rather than anything resembling a child's toy, was a large, moving sculpture of a mature woman with no erotic detail omitted. In an attempt to give the *Doll* an inner life as well, he made a series of six panoramas or landscapes which could be viewed upon pushing a button which constituted a nipple in the exterior design. But this was merely the beginning of Hans Bellmer's dollmania.

Sensing the oncoming war, Bellmer also made *The Machine Gun in a State of Grace*, an art object which helps explain the *Doll* and Bellmer's subsequent dolls. The barrel of the machine gun is composed of the delicate curves of a female body. Feminine sensuousness symbolizes peace and humanity juxtaposed against the inherent treachery of the weapon itself.

He then made a more naturalistic *Doll*, having two pair of legs arranged around the stomach. Photographs he took of it provided the inspiration for *Les Jeux de la Poupee*, by the enigmatic surrealist poet, Paul Eluard.

That same year, 1938, Frau Bellmer died and there was no longer any reason to remain in Berlin. Settling in Paris, Hans Bellmer now undertook drawings evoked by the *Doll* in which eroticism reigns supreme. "Eroticism cuts through reality," Jouffroy wrote in reference to these drawings by Bellmer, and it "gives sovereign existence to what is hidden, but latent, beyond the barricades of daily life."

While his different renditions of the *Doll* are solid and opaque, Bellmer's drawings complement them in being utterly transparent, more like vapors in air. An impressive work, *Mille Filles*, done between 1939 and 1941 is a mass conglomeration of female bodies. Jouffroy's response was this: "To become, in one woman, the projection of a thousand women is not only to escape from the usual notion of identity. . . . A desired woman is a hotbed of hallucinations. Her cheeks, neck, shoulders, thighs, hair are all bearers of innumerable analogies. . . . Every woman is in herself an abundant 'garden of delights' where identity is shattered and reverberates in the image that one can have all desirable women." Jouffroy's statement somehow defies further elaboration.

Obviously though, the original concept of the *Doll* had taken on increasingly profound, humane and erotic significance. It's not surprising that Bellmer made a deep impression on the artists and poets then working in Paris. However, because of his German nationality, he was soon to find himself interned at a camp for aliens, along with surrealist Max Ernst. Ironically, the camp was situated near the picturesque village of Aix, famous for its ancient cathedral, its art museum and most of all for having been the site of Cézanne's studio.

Once free, Bellmer carefully
(continued on page 49)

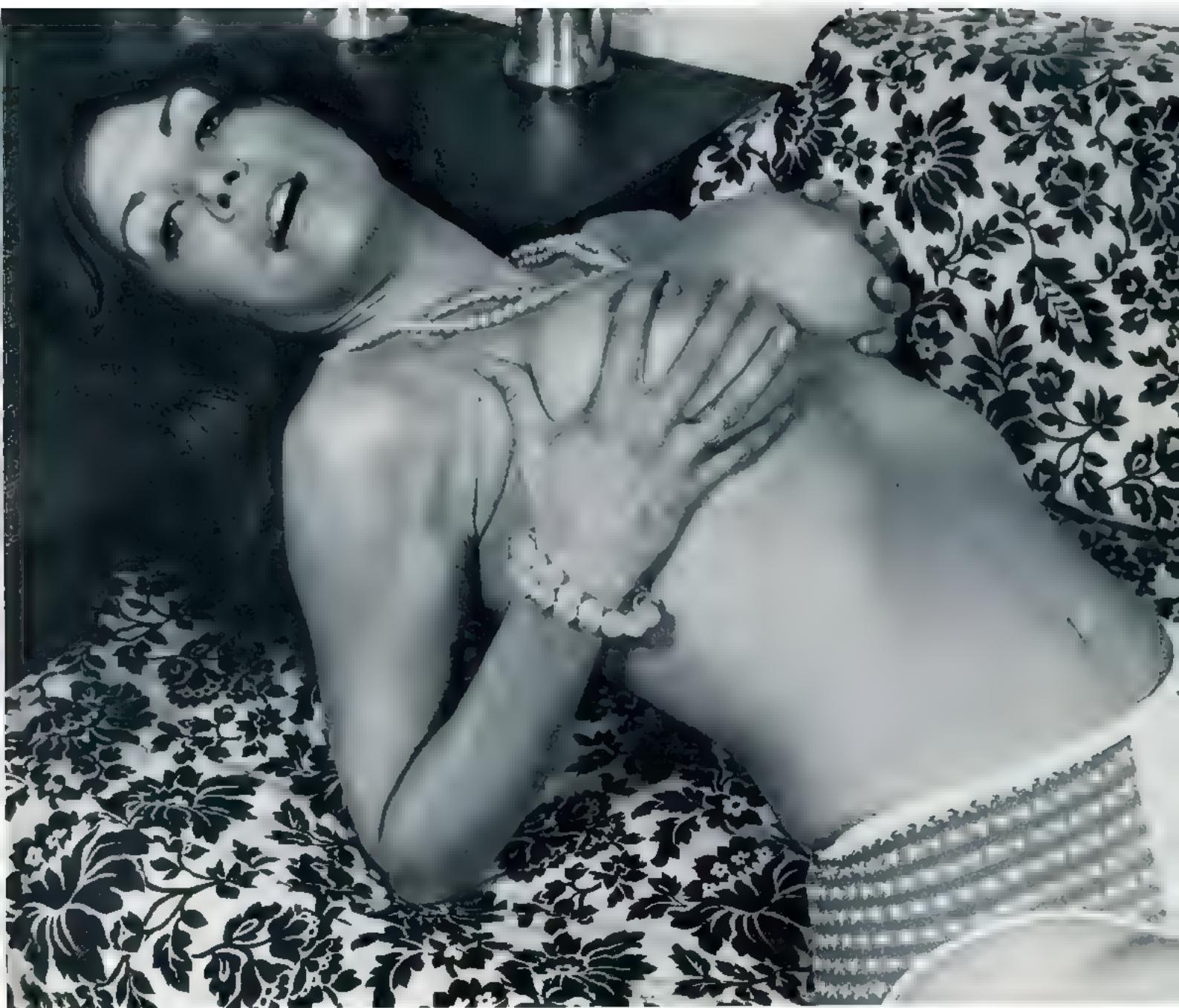




SWING AND SWAY

Any gal with star-spangled
boobs should wave them
proudly, and Kay does just
that. She is a nudist who
joined the movement
simply to show them off.









Some people would think that Kay is a bit narcissistic because of this, and she would be the first to agree with them. As she puts it, "If you have big, gorgeous boobs, show them!"



BUST LINES

BRAVO TO READERS

This is just a short note to let you know that your Canadian friends also like your magazine very much. However, we wish we could buy it in Hamilton (I haven't seen it for sale in Toronto, either). I get my copies when I'm in the USA.

Bravo to your readers who have asked for pictures of lactating and pregnant women. I heartily agree. We never see pictures like that in Canada. They sound very interesting. Please try hard to find some to print.

M.R.W./Ontario

We have many requests for pictures of lactating females, and also for those who are pregnant, but we have not been able to secure such pictures because of their extreme rarity. Finding women who are in a condition to make such photographs and who are willing to pose for them, is like finding diamonds in the desert.

SQUIRTING MILK

Your 38-26-34 magazine is fantastic. It beats all the others, hands down. I thought it's about time I told you this, since I've been reading 38-26-34 for two or three years now.

For quite some time, your readers have been asking for pictures of women with milk coming out of their breasts. I am very much in favor of such photos. But you haven't printed any, yet.

I realize that such photos are quite hard to obtain, so I'd like to suggest two not-so-obvious ways for you to get them:

(1) Ask your readers to send in photos of their wives' breasts (not their faces, just their breasts) when they are lactating. Although most wives wouldn't want their faces seen in such a pose, I don't think most would object if their faces didn't show and no one knew their names.

(2) **Playboy** magazine (Page 28 of the October, 1971, issue) noted that certain free-lance photographers in California are advertising for "Pregnant and lactating chicks for erotic film-work". Perhaps **Playboy** could identify the photographers so that you could purchase photos from them for 38-26-34.

Incidentally, I recently purchased copies of two Danish magazines that had photos of a girl squirting milk from her breasts. By properly manipulating her areolas and nipples, she made the milk squirt out in streams, two to three feet in front of her. You could see the streams, and you could also see the milk hitting and running down the faces of the people at whom she was squirting. Also, the milk ran down over the knuckles of the hand with which she was manipulating her breasts, and dripped onto the floor. This was extremely stimulating to me, and I'm sure that it would be to most of your readers. (By the way, I learned that these issues were selling "like hot cakes").

Incidentally, I also agree with those of your readers who have written asking you to publish photos of pregnant women. Good idea. Concentrate on their breasts, but also show their oversize abdomens, of course. Also, most pregnant women after six months or so can squeeze colostrum (and occasionally actual milk, although medical doctors tend to dispute this) from their breasts. Such action would also make excellent shots. Particularly if you show the colostrum dripping down and running over her oversize abdomen.

I hope you'll make a concentrated effort to obtain and publish such photos. They will make your excellent magazine a GREAT magazine.

L.B.W./New York

HEEDED REQUEST
Congratulations to you on

your recent volume 38-26-34. It is one of the best issues yet. While a few of your recent issues had fallen off a little, this last issue was more than excellent.

The photos of Gloria on the cover and pages 4 to 9 are tremendous, especially the profile of her watermelon-shaped milk jugs with their thumb-sized nipples. This model, often going by the name of Suzanne Prichard, must be featured in some stooping and bending poses, to emphasize her heavy, pointed breasts.

Finally you've heeded our request for an older model with the mature body. (Brigitta on pages 1 and 19) While she has excellent, very large mammarys with unusual and arousing nipples, could you print some photos of this mature woman's HIPS, with her small waist cinched in by a garter belt? Perhaps a real twisting shot showing her expansive hips and big breasts, both.

Christy on pages 28 to 33 is super-exciting to me. She really should be featured in bending shots as her breasts are so heavy they really hang to the call of gravity.

As for the letters requesting pregnant women with milk oozing from their fat breasts—they would be very erotic—but I imagine very hard to obtain. In lieu of those, how about some pictures of women sucking themselves. The models with the long floppy breasts, like Christy, should find it very easy to suck their own breasts.

Anyway, keep the big sagging ones coming. How about some photos of this new model called Shirley Bowman? Pictures of her laying on her back, her gigantic breasts almost cover her arms.

J.G./Lebanon, Or.

THREE MONTHS TOO LONG

38-26-34 magazine is just great. But three months is a long time from one issue to an-

other,' so please come out six times a year. Also I would like to see Geri Stotts (what a pair) in two full pages of the little photos in Vol. 6 No. 2. Hope my request will be possible, if it is it will have made my day when I buy that issue.

N.L./Birmingham, Eng.

BOSOM FANCIERS

Could you possibly divulge something of how you obtain your photos? Do you just scrape off all of the big titted photos that come into Parliament Publications or can you actually exert some direct influence or control on the type models and poses obtained? In other words, if we beg for more and better photos of a certain model, can you get them?

While your super avid readership all like the huge bosom, several years of observation note many diverse (perverse?) desires surfacing. Some like the teeny-bopper "girl-next-door" type with the skinny legs, saddle shoes and childlike body, except with abnormally over-developed breasts, which by their immensity look almost out of place on an otherwise immature body. Conversely, many like women in their 40s or more whose bodies have bloomed and are over-ripe. This type woman usually displays the very droopy, pendant breasts, frequently with immense areola and nipples and,

in close-up, showing the dark veins and light stretch-marked areas that are a part of truly large mature mammarys. While breasts such as these might seem grotesque to some, many men find them to be the very utmost in eroticism!

Other breast fetishists like the very unusual types, such as nipples not centered on the breast (pointing together or unusually outward or downward), extremely long or "banana" shaped breasts, very slack and floppy breasts, or those very low on the chest and hanging down on the stomach. Some are excited by breasts of unequal size or shape, large protruding nipples or even flat or actually "inverted" nipples (which can be quite large when sucked out). Many men like the super-large areolas that cover almost the entire end of the breast and are very dark and veined.

As a student of breasts and their fanciers for many years and an avid reader and collector of all **38-26-34**, **Kingsize** and **Block Busters** issues since their inception, I have noticed in your letters columns many variations in tastes of bosom fanciers. Many men prefer seeing women posed initially, fully clothed in common street clothes, enabling them to relate these super models to the more common types found in their ives. Many enjoy seeing the breasts enclosed in ordinary or slightly

small brassieres, gradually removed to let them hang free, and still showing the impressions of their tight confinement. Many times a simple pose in a common house dress, nylons and sneakers posed to show the vagina and with the breast out can be found to be very erotic.

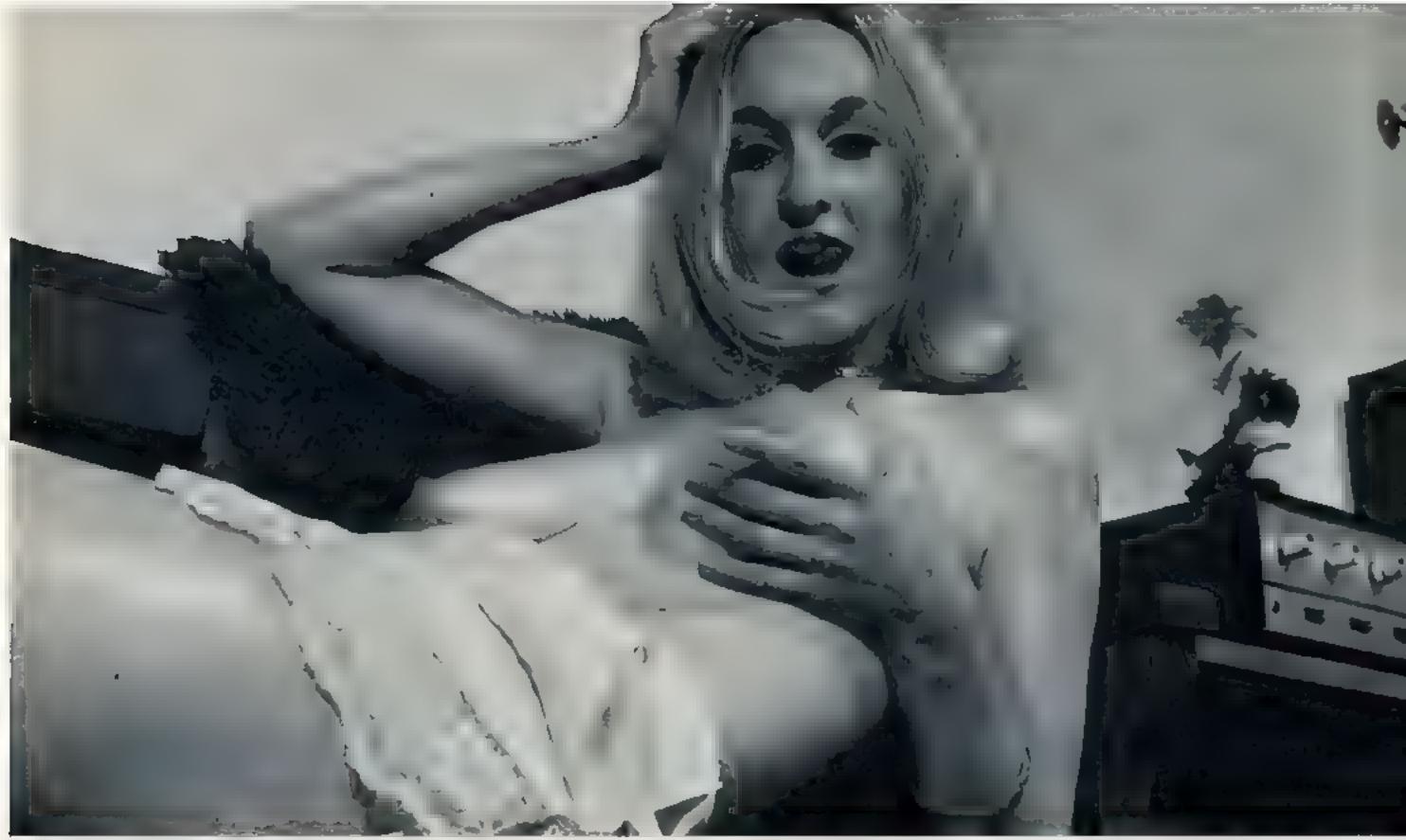
Your magazines have been far and away the leaders in furnishing photos of the unusual women with endowments noted above. The breast fetishist, like most other fetishists, will go to great lengths to obtain photos to satisfy his obsession. Why so few slides, films and photos are available anymore of the big-breasted women is beyond comprehension. Everything seems now to be devoted to ordinary homely women with their vaginas open. Hopefully some producers of this type material will once again awaken to the needs and desires of the big-bosom cult.

There has been a general resurgence in magazines featuring the extremely large-breasted types such as **FLING** (about the oldest), **GEM**, **THE SWINGER** and other new and older publications like yours, getting on the band wagon. As your publications are the leaders, please do not let us down. We do not want just vaginas, 400 pounders, female impersonators, men, etc. featured. Just women with unusually large hanging milk glands. I would enjoy seeing this published to see others comments. Some will disagree violently—but if they do not like the "grotesquely" large and pendulous bosoms showing the strains of their great weight, there are hundreds of other magazines they can buy. Leave us to ours. You notice that we who pay the tab seldom complain about the price, but only about the frequency and conformance to our desires of your publications. Someone certainly must agree with me, as these are the very types you have published and your magazines sure sell out fast wherever I have tried to buy them.

R.N./Sacramento, Calif.

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FEATHERING HER ORBS

Feathering her bosom is tantamount to feathering her nest, according to Della. In fact, as long as her breasts remain big and firm, she will never want for anything. Della's globes are on display twice nightly at a Miami strip house.







Both shows are generally packed, she having so many admirers. Oddly enough, there is always a sprinkling of gals in her audiences. They are attracted, undoubtedly, by the reputation she has built on the dexterity with which she handles her big bubs. By swinging them about precisely, Della is able to "slap" out a rhythmic beat, accompanied by swinging music.







FROM THE SPICE RACK

BY BART HILLS

EXPANDING BUST . . . Writing in the letters column of a popular "behavioral" magazine, an English housewife revealed that she had proof of the beneficial effects of semen taken internally. The young wife (she's only 38) took exception to those authorities who insisted that male juices could not in any way aid in the enlargement of breasts. She cited her own experience by stating that she and her husband had been reading about fellatio and cunnilingus, and had decided to try it. To their mutual delight, they discovered it was a fun way to go. They continued to practice their sex in this manner for several weeks, during which time she found herself swallowing her husband's semen and enjoying it. After a few more weeks, the housewife wrote, she discovered she was having difficulty putting on her bra, which was designed to hold a 33-inch breast. Taking a tape measure, the young woman observed that she had expanded to 35 inches. Continuing to enjoy their sex in the 69 position, the English housewife claims that after several months her boobs now tape in at 40 inches!

ROMANCE BASHED . . . While traveling around the world gathering material for a new book, author Leon Uris (*Exodus, Topaz*) recently stopped off in Australia and was moved to sound off on the subject of American girls. He regards them as "dirty" because they wear no makeup and they allow their hair to hang to their bottoms. He blames the Pill for this state of affairs. "Sex has become such an open commodity," Uris said, "that it has lost a lot of its affectionate overtones. "By the age of 23 or 24," he went on, "girls have had romance bashed out of them. Now these girls are looking for middle-aged, dirty old men." It should be noted that Uris, age 47, earlier last year took unto himself his third wife, age 24.

LARGEST BREASTS . . . Sweden's Institute for Female Studies just issued a report in which its officials claim nudist women have the largest breasts in the world. According to a study made by the institute, nudist women 21 and over have an average size of 36½ while the non-nudist gals, in the same age brackets, have an average bust size of 34¾.

STRANGE LOVE . . . Because the average guy is exposed to so much love and sex in our civilization, he begins to feel that it is pretty cut and dried. However, some strange things are going on around the uncivilized areas of the world. There is, for example, a primitive tribe in New Guinea among whose members it is considered both fitting and proper to greet a gal by kissing her on her exposed left breast. In the Siriono tribe of Bolivia, husbands are permitted to have all the extramarital sex they want, just so long as it doesn't involve any of their in-laws. And in Vietnam there is a tribe of natives who observe a delightful custom. When a wife reaches the fifth month of her pregnancy, it is her obligation to find another woman to relieve her husband's sexual pressures until she is able to resume that responsibility herself.

RELAX AND ENJOY . . . There is an old saying which goes, "If rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it." Apparently a lot of women do just that. Sociologist Menachine Amire, in studying some 600 rape cases which took place in Philadelphia, found that over 50 percent of the gals, who had been attacked, did not resist in any way.

PUNCH LINE . . . After 129 years, the English humor magazine *Punch* is still not pulling its punches. With a nude picture of Swedish actress Julie Ege on the cover, a recent issue also featured *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner on the centerfold.



Though she is bursting at the seams around her bodice you will have to get your hands on a recent copy of *Punch* to see what is underneath Julie Ege's mini-skirt and blouse.

The **Playboy** gambit, put together with the help of Hefner, also included busty features on the girls of Poland and a leering homage to Nicolas Varga, whose illustrations of naked chicks has become an American institution.

THE COMPUTER KNOWS BEST . . . Working for a large company in London as efficiency experts, Bill Tarry and Bill Dartford racked their brains in an effort to discover more efficient ways for the company to operate. Unable to come up with any new ideas, the two put this question to a computer: "How can the firm we're working for best streamline its operation?" The answer came back with a flash: "Fire yourselves."

BUMPER STICKER . . . A late model station wagon has been running around San Francisco with an attractive gal driving and five kids in the rear seats. The bumper is adorned with a sticker which reads: Five Easy Pieces.

MOTHER NATURE'S HANDIWORK . . . Those gals who have ideas on enlarging their breasts through the injection of silicone, and thereby change Mother Nature's original design, had better consider the consequence. While they may receive much more attention from the male members of the population, there are serious side effects to be considered, warns the American Medical Association. The silicone can be absorbed into the bloodstream, which in turn can carry it to the lungs and to the brain.

LES DAMES . . . Next summer, French gals will not have to run for cover every time police visit the beaches along the Riviera. In times past, most Gallic chicks, who wanted to bare their breasts to the healthful rays of the sun, were compelled to keep their bras handy and ready to slap on every time the gendarmes showed up. Now, thanks to a senior officer, they will not have to bother putting on their bras. This noble cop said it all when he declared last summer: "This is not the Victorian age. Why shouldn't women have bare breasts on the beaches . . . ?"

BODY . . . The word **corps** is derived from **COR-PUS**, which means "body," and in the Army, the "bodies" are likely to be women, if the military's plans are carried out. The Pentagon is launching a drive to increase the Women's Army Corps by 80%.

BABY PERMIT . . . If Professor Bruce Russett has his way, the time must come, and soon, when a couple will have to acquire a government permit in order to have a child. The Yale prof is convinced

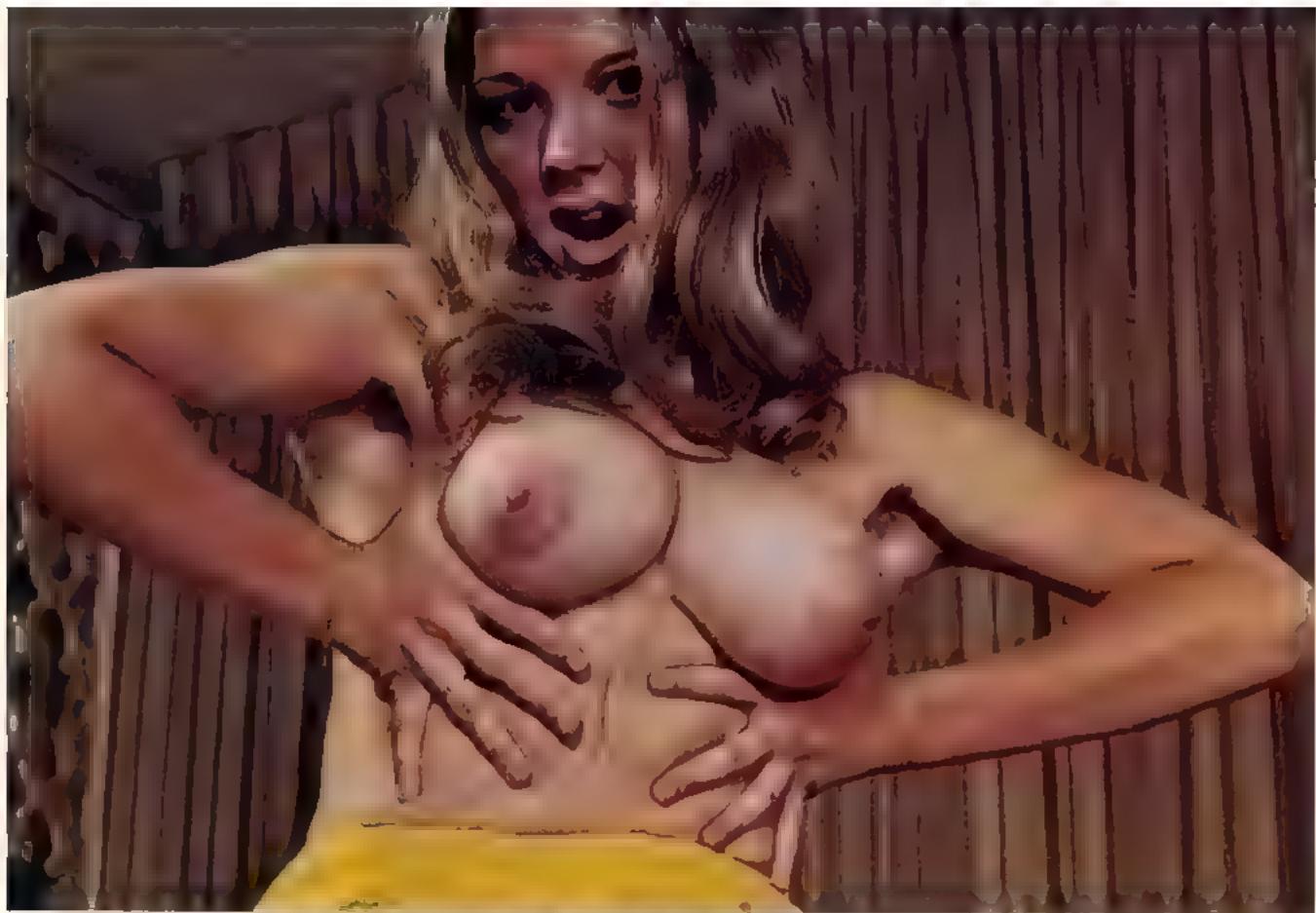


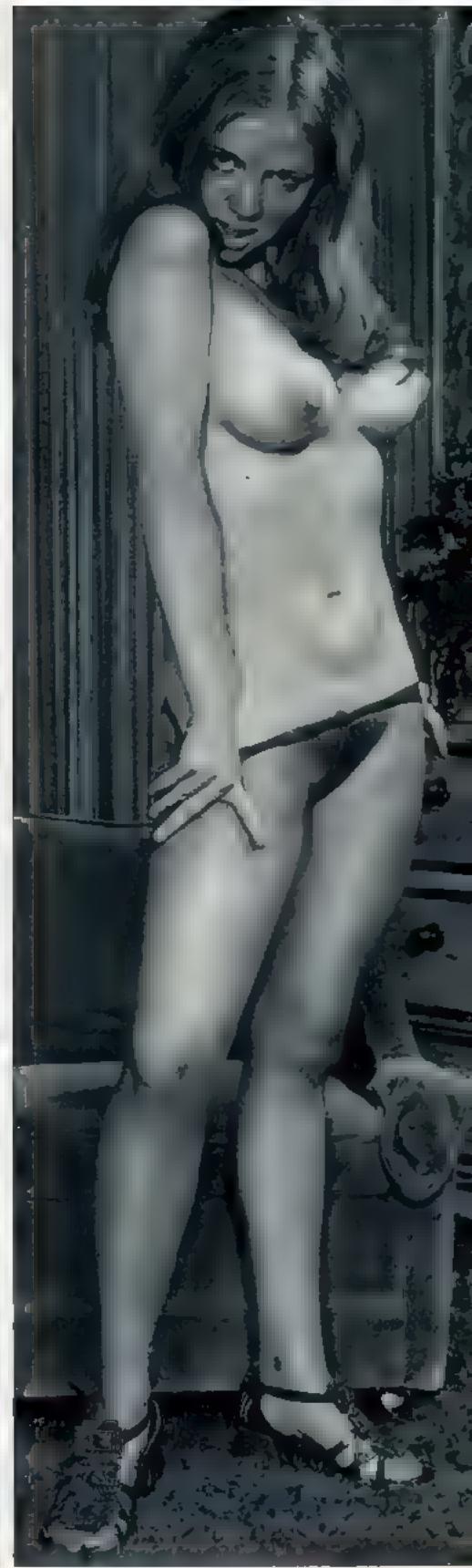
In yet another in the series of "carry on" British films, Joan Sims appears for morning calisthenics in *Carry On Camping*, carelessly having forgotten her boobs hammock.

that SRO sign will be going up on all available land on this shrinking globe within a couple of generations if we do not control births.

AMERICANS FIRST . . . A fellow by the name of Dupre heads a research organization in France, and he has just asked the girls in his country, between the ages of 18 and 21, if they were given the opportunity to choose the nationality of the man they would most like to make love with, what would it be? Amazingly, 62 percent went for the American male. And since the Italians were their second choice, it pretty much left the Frenchmen out on a limb.

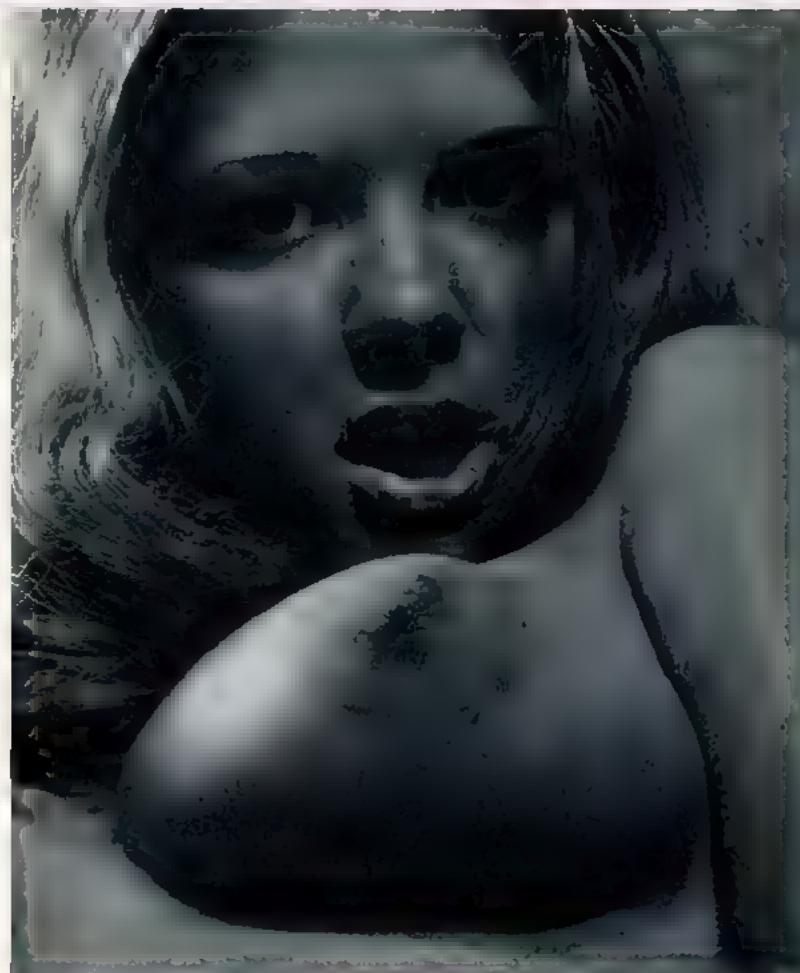
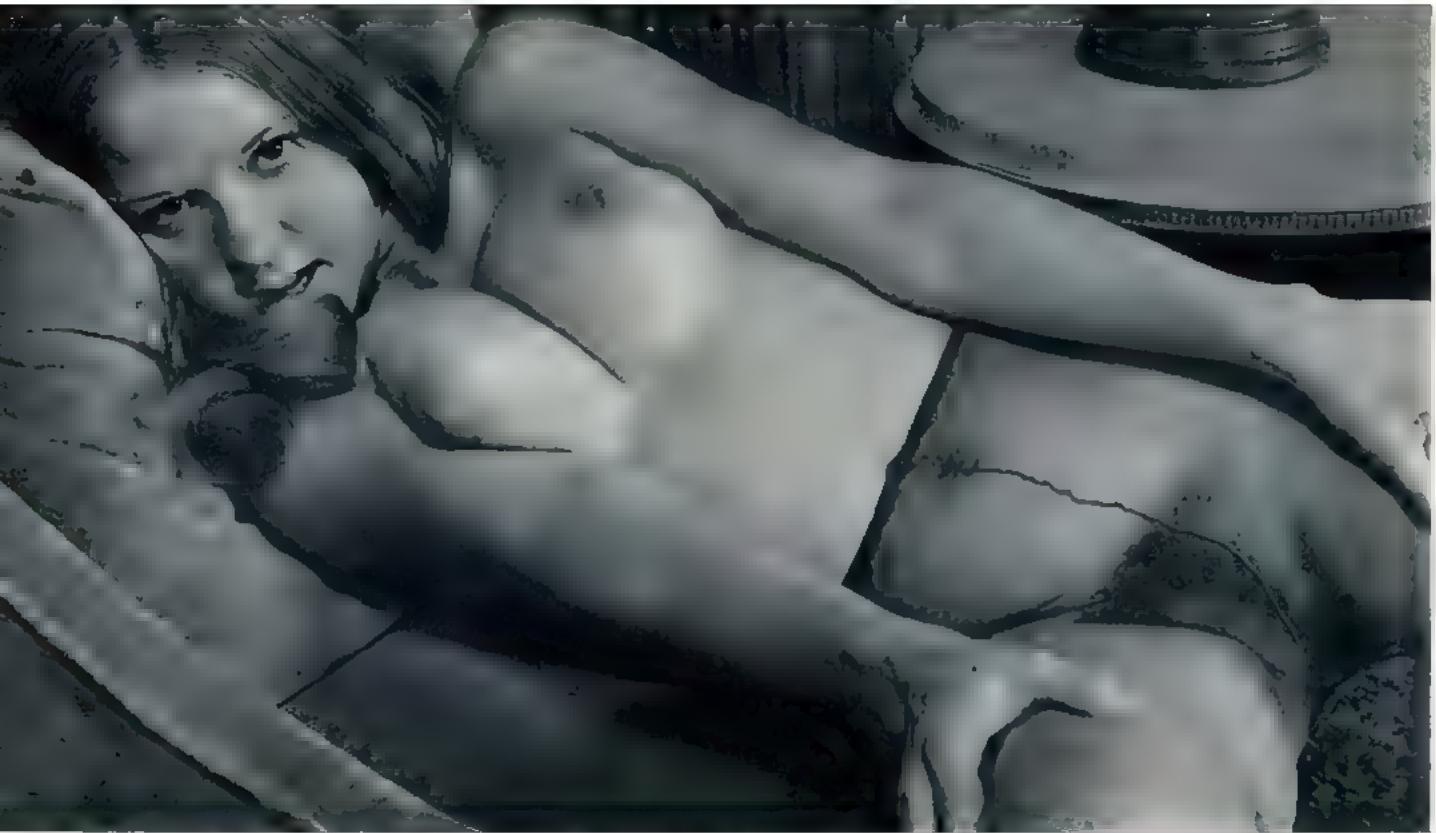
SAFETY VALVE . . . Apparently, there are not enough whores in the Soviet Union, either through the government's sanction or on the QT, to let off some of the sexual steam which builds up in Communist men. Rapes in Russia have been increasing by an alarming rate. Girls having to travel from town to town unescorted, are sure to be victims of a rapist. Moscow blames it all on "Western-oriented" hippie types who live in the fields and help themselves to anything that comes their way, including stray women.





AN OUTSTANDING PAIR

Is there an advantage in having an outstanding pair such as Marcia's?



In all things but one they are an advantage. The exception? If she were to enter a footrace, would she be disqualified for breasting the tape first on the obvious grounds she had an unfair advantage?



the Boob Binge

By Gordon Winters

It is not surprising that the breast became an object of fantasy, when the Victorian ethic decreed that bare bosoms were to be denied the male once out of infancy.

Two phrases in the American language will cause most men to swivel their heads. "Boy—look at those boobs!" and "Man—she sure is stacked!" Notice that the first word in both phrases start with both "Boy" and "Man." That may be because the range of lookers goes from boy to man. The hold a woman's breast has on the major part of the male population would make one think it was the only part of the female anatomy. This breast binge has even gone so far as to brainwash the females themselves. The distaff side now spend huge sums of money buying special brassières and padding that will build undersized breasts into something that resembles two protruding headlights, especially when they are shaped by a sweater.

One could go so far as to call the breast binge something of a national fetish. Women who feel they have been cheated by genes and Mother Nature have now enlisted the aid of surgeons to enlarge their breasts so that they have the proper contours and bulge. All this to keep the heads swivelling and the male mouth drooling.

The operation itself hasn't always been fun. In the early days of this type of surgery, the results were anything but satisfactory. The breast was hard, and not pliable

enough for the male's fingers and tongue. Sometimes, infection set in and that opened up another "can of worms." Today, thanks to a lot of trial and error, improved surgery, and development of better filler substances, the operation is usually a success. Madam becomes a showcase for the "swivel-heads." One interesting by-product of the operation is that, as the rest of the body ages, the breasts sometimes remain abnormally firm and youthful.

But why all this devotion to the mammary glands? Is it a phenomenon unique in our present age? Not at all. One can glance back at the portraits and statues of past beauties, and see that many of them have the slender body and big breasts that are so in demand today. Breasts have always been part of the accepted and admired makeup of women during many periods of our history. As long ago as 3,500 years, on the island of Crete, the breast was openly displayed as a beautiful part of a woman's costume. But the woman of that period bore little resemblance to today's picture of beauty. The few drawings that have been unearthed of that period show women dressed in elaborate gowns, bare to the waist. But, by today's standards, they had disappointing shapes. If the drawings are any criterion, the Cretan women had small

breasts, and bodies so flat, that they resembled or looked like young boys. Other scenes of that period showed flat, sagging breasts that are a far cry from what the men of today look for.

On the other hand, the Minoans came much closer to today's ideal. In fact, the entire design of the dress is such that it could be worn today anywhere that a topless formal would be permitted. The breasts that bulge out above the slender lines of the tight-fitting dresses would do credit to the late Jayne Mansfield. Some scholars feel that the women of that time believed that the visible breast was a symbol of fertility.

There was always a certain charm and sexual innocence attached to the baring of breasts that prevailed in the South Sea Islands. That is, until the missionaries from the American continent came along and made them cover those twin peaks of beauty. Ranging from the Hawaiian Islands all the way to the Caroline Islands, these blue-nosed emissaries swathed the most magnificent breastworks in shapeless Mother Hubbards. Only in the Dutch East Indies on the island of Bali, did American missionary bigotry fail to have its way. Here, where women from early girlhood customarily carry heavy burdens

atop their heads, they develop magnificent breastworks, firm, high and full, and supported by well-toned muscles.

At one time, the Egyptians, too, gave a great deal of emphasis to the breast as indicated by the bas-relief portraits of the female. But it appears that the accentuated breast was to be found only on some female goddess of fertility. Other depictions of the Egyptian women showed much smaller breasts. Which style the men of that time preferred is anybody's guess.

However, a certain style of dress prevailed up to and well into the 19th century. The fashion of that day also served to accent the bosom and to play down the waist. Bows and ribbons filled out the chest line, while tightly drawn corsets held the waist in tight and lifted the bosom. Women of that time could always give the illusion (and sometimes, that's all it was) that she had a full, large pair of breasts. The latter part of the century saw a subtle change take place that seemed to accent the breast even more. The accenting was done with ruffles, tucks and bows. Flowers were often placed in front of the dress to further the illusion that the bust was larger than it really was. Those women who had something to show, began to slip into "off the shoulder" dresses for formal occasions. The slightest bow at the waist, such as bending down to pick up a cup of tea, would immediately reveal the twin ivory mounds in all their glory.

But times changed, and with them, the accepted shape of women. For a short time, in the twenties, females strove for the boyish look. One had to look breastless to conform to this note of fashion. Skirts climbed, and men reluctantly tore their eyes from the vicinity of the breast to watch the legs and knees of the "flappers." Women acted as if the picture of being "soft and bosomy" would never apply to them again.

But long before this fashion came into vogue, master artists had also been caught up by those twin beautiful breastworks. All the great and not so great tried at various times to



capture the twin beautiful mounds in all their loveliness on canvas. Titian, one of the truly great master artists, effected a breakthrough of sorts. Study his nudes and one notes that the breasts are definitely of a larger size than previously seen in other nude pictures. Of course, Titian worshipped at the shrine of women. Witness his painting of his wife when she was but 16. She graced his canvas as a lush and lovely beauty with her breasts full-blown and tempting. Of course, Rubens did justice to the delicious mounds as in his painting called *Cimon and Iphigenia*. Then, years later, Ingres took up the cudgels by his painting called *The Turkish Bath*. Here one sees a woman who not only is shapely from all angles, but whose breasts are firm, high and full. They almost dominate the picture, and no doubt are an important and attractive part of the whole composition. One suspects that Ingres felt about breasts pretty much as the average male does in our present time and culture.

However, whereas in their time, the American missionaries were instrumental in putting up artificial

screens to blot out natural beauty, the English were instrumental in fostering something that was called a Victorian age. Once more, pure, simple beauty was to be stigmatized as something unclean and unhealthy for the male mind. Sex became a word that was taboo. It was, as if the entire Western world, inspired by the flock Queen Victoria brought into being, took the mothers of the world and put them on pedestals, Motherhood came into its own. It was probably the beginning of "Momism."

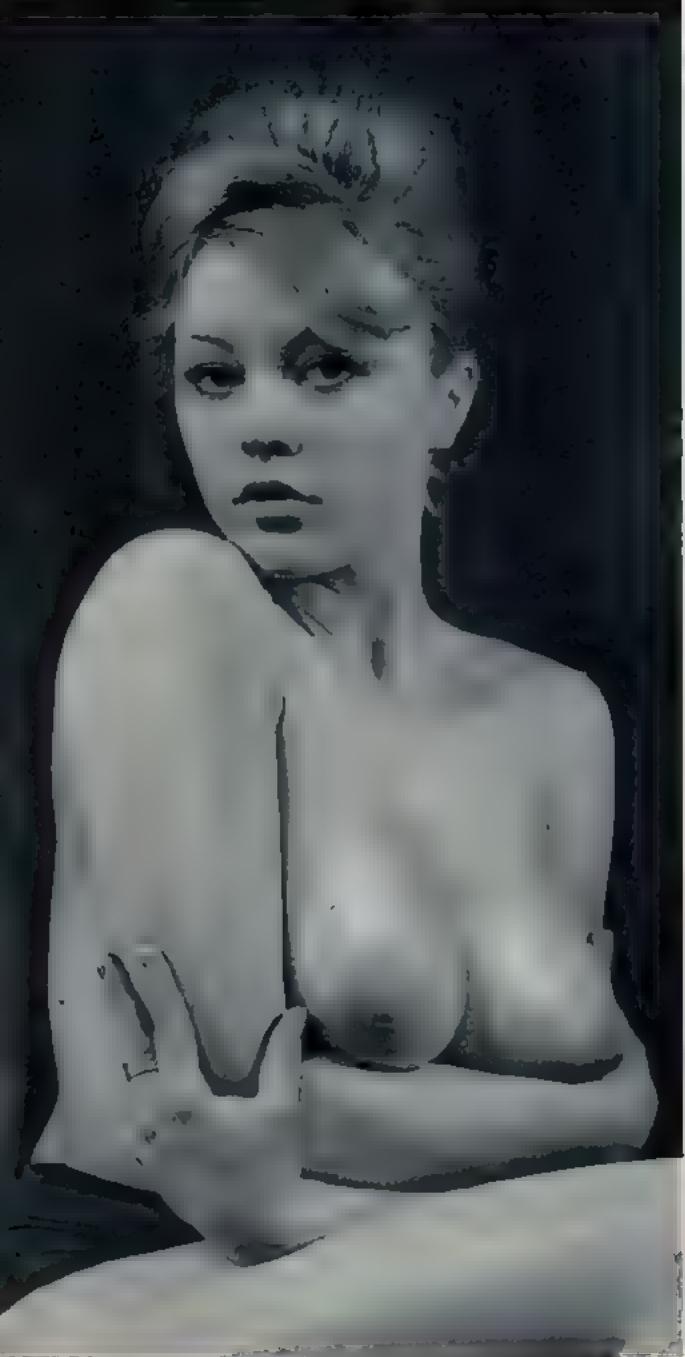
Mother was expected to have big, round soft breasts. How many scenes were we subjected to of the little fellow crawling up on mother's lap and resting his tired head on her ample bosom. This touched the hearts of all men. It is difficult even today to reenact that scene without putting a lump in the throats of our male population.

However, the Victorian period was to exact its price, a price that brought on the "breast binge" with a vengeance. And very probably a price that goes to psychiatrists who try to straighten out our present twisted libidos that seem so out of kilter today.

(continued on page 55)

GLANDS A GOSHEN

When last seen, Vicki Kennedy had a sensational body, as she does to this day, but through some mammalian magic she has been able to graduate into the ranks of gals who qualify for our magazine. We're not saying that she didn't always have biggies, but just look at 'em now!







We would guess that they measure well over the prescribed 38 which we like to have on display.





Surely she has been nurturing that body with special diets. The tone and firmness of her flesh, particularly that of her jugs, would seem to indicate that it has responded to gentle, constant massage.





My shooting cock was nestled between her breasts, enveloped by the great globes of warm flesh as my juices spewed out against the valley between them and her throat. Peggy groaned and pushed her breasts together with the palms of her hands, writhing beneath me each time a fresh spurt of the warm sperm smacked against her scented flesh. I have never enjoyed a climax so much. For several long seconds afterward, I lay atop her, unmoving, thinking about how fantastic it had been.

And then Jack Fenner appeared in the bedroom doorway!

"Well, well," he said, his face screwed up in a tight, mirthless smile. "Look at what we've got here. No wonder you put the muscle on me, Hoode. You were looking to ball the chick!"

I rolled off Peggy and jumped to my feet. Then I froze. Fenner had a magnum revolver. And it was pointed right at my guts. If he pulled the trigger, he would actually cut me in half!

"Now, you're getting smart," he said. "You take another step toward me and I'll kill you quick!"

"How . . . how did you get in?" Peggy asked, hurriedly pulling a sheet up around her neck in an effort to hide her nakedness from his searching glare.

"Passkey," he answered, shrugging. "All us chillen got a passkey. Didn't you know?"

"Why, Fenner?" I asked. "Nobody was going to press charges. You were out a little money, maybe. But, you didn't have anything to worry about. Why are you making such a bonehead play?"

"First, I don't like getting shoved around!" he answered. "Second, I want those snapshots back."

"Why?" Peggy asked. "You know I don't have any money."

He grinned. "You think you're the only one that was paying? Sh.t, lady, the guy with you in those photos has been paying off, too! And for a helluva lot more bread!"

He gave me his full concentration. "Okay, Hoode, gimme those pictures! And . . . don't give me an excuse to kill you because that is exactly what I'll do if you try anything cute!"

"They're in the living room," I replied. There was no way I was

going to screw around with that dude. I mean, I've seen what a .44 magnum slug can do to a man. I was not at all interested in finding out firsthand what it would do to me.

Fenner waved the barrel of his weapon toward the living room. "Let's get 'em, man. And, remember, easy does it!"

I walked into the living room with him right behind me. The manila envelope was on the coffee table in front of Peggy's sectional. I pointed toward it. Fenner eagerly hustled around the sofa and picked the envelope up. As he looked inside to make sure the snapshots were still there, I surreptitiously picked up a small glass ashtray resting on a hip-high telephone stand. Palming it, I rested my shoulder against the bedroom doorframe and waited to see what Fenner had next in mind.

Satisfied with the snapshots, he stuck the manila envelope into his suitcoat pocket. Then, unsmiling, he walked back around the sectional toward me. "Turn around, man!" he snapped.

"Why?" I questioned, knowing quickly that I was now going to have to make a move. "You've got what you came for."

He was less than four feet away. "Not quite, Hoode. There's one more little item . . . I'm going to pay you back for putting the hurt on me." He took another step forward. Now, he was less than three feet away. "Turn around!" he continued. "This'll hurt a little. But, it'll be better than getting your head blown off. Turn around!"

I stood away from the doorframe, my feet wide apart, every fiber of my being tensed for what I was going to do. "Why?" I asked, stalling for time, hoping he'd take just one more step. "Can't you do it when you're looking a guy in the eyes?"

"I ain't going to tell you again, Hoode," he said, starting to take that final step. "Turn around . . . !"

His right leg was in mid-step when I suddenly hurled the ashtray up from my hip toward his face! Instinctively, he ducked. And, as he did so, I rushed him.

I caught him off balance. He managed to snap off a shot. The sound of it damned near ruptured

my ear drums. But, the deadly slug went wild, spanging into the ceiling as I gripped his gun wrist. From then on, it was my party.

I twisted his wrist so hard he forgot about the magnum and dropped it in an effort to stop the pain in his still sore wrist, the same wrist I had bruised earlier that afternoon. Once the weapon hit the carpet, I kicked it across the floor. And then I began to hammer my fists into Fenner's face and body. Like I said, fist-fighting was not his specialty. Not only did he fail to land a single punch, it was all he could do to try and shield himself from my blows.

I broke his nose on the first punch. My second and third snapped his jaw in three or four places. The ones after that fractured his ribs and made him bleed real bad on the inside. I kept smacking him until his face was a bloody mess. Then, I quit. He was out of business for a long, long time.

Peggy had run into the living room. Now, she was dialing for the police. I pulled the envelope out of the unconscious p-eye's pocket. Moving quickly, I picked up a cigarette lighter off the coffee table and set the envelope on fire. Within a minute, all that was left of the incriminating photos was a small mound of charred ash in the ashtray. "The police will be here in a few minutes," I heard Peggy say.

I looked up from the ashtray. She was standing to one side, still as naked as she had been when we had made love. "Hadn't you better put something on?" I asked.

"You want me to?" she asked.

It was a challenge I had no intention of ignoring. "Only for a few minutes," I answered. "As soon as the police leave, I expect to see you naked aga.n."

A big grin crossed her face. "You're the boss, Hoode," she said.

And then, just before she went into the bedroom, she stood in front of me and weaved back and forth to pendulum her magnificent breasts back and forth before my eyes. It was her way of letting me take another look at what was in store for me later on. "I hope I owe you a big bill," she said. "I want to take a long time paying it back."

I stared at the swaying mounds. "You will, Peggy," I nodded. "You will!"

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deposited his passport and all papers identifying his German nationality into a sewer. And he recommended his drawings of erotic females as though this interruption had not occurred.

His *Four Persons*, dating from 1942 is really a drawing of the same woman in four separate postures. In one she stands upright, her hands on her hips. In another she lies prostrate on her belly. The other two portrayals are of women involved with each other and with themselves. Undeniably, this is further erotic imagery evoked by the *Doll*.

Bellmer's drawings are striking, though, in their realistic aspects of detail, which Bellmer himself once explained: "The starting point of desire, with respect to the intensity of its images, is not in the perceptive whole, but in the detail," that is to say, the erogenous zones, the breasts, the buttocks, and of course, the genital area itself.

Variations on the provocative theme of female autoeroticism are the subject of some of Bellmer's most candid drawings. In one, a nude girl is turned on her side, her face showing the depth of her arousal. A delicate hand invades the genital area and one finger penetrates the vagina, but all in an airy, transparent portrayal which allows the face of a man—certainly the source of the girl's fantasy—to emerge distinctly over her genitals.

On another drawing the head is omitted and the body is simply drawn. The finest of draftsmanship has been employed, though to depict the genital region and the high heel of the shoe which threatens to penetrate the vagina.

One cannot help being reminded of Bellmer's short-lived vocation in industrial illustration at the sight of the intricately drawn erotic pictures on graph paper. One of these is merely a girl's opened vaginal area with her two hands providing the ultimate in female masturbation, one finger at the clitoris, a thumb in the vagina and another finger in the anus. Technical as it is, the drawing is not of the unfeeling sort that turns up in medical books. It has a delicate kind of beauty which reveals the artist's personal involvement

In another drawing on graph paper, a girl is vigorously engaged in the act of fellatio, the details of her face and of the man's genitals no less explicit. Strangely, though, the girl's hand grasps still another penis which has no body attached to it.

Perhaps the most fascinating drawing of all is one which at first glance appears to be an exquisite rendition of female genitals ranging from the mound of tiny hairs and ending with the curve of the buttocks. Upon further examining the picture, one sees as well the body of a nude woman within the genital area itself. Even the details of the face are visible. The *Doll*, after having undergone many transmutations, has returned in this picture within a picture.

In the 1940's and 50's, while drawings such as these were born from the touch of Bellmer's pens and pencils, he also worked on three-dimensional females. As Sarane Alexandrian wrote, "Hans Bellmer did not lose sight of his *Doll* theme, but now he carved and polished the image of woman like a rough diamond, as if he were trying to make the strangest jewel in the world." Strange though this "jewel" might be, however, Bellmer's greatest talent was unraveling its mysteries through art. The mysteries, of course, include not only female sensuality but all erotic emotions and feelings. Few artists have looked so closely at the erotic and found it infinitely beautiful, as did Hans Bellmer.

He was capable of biting satire just as was George Grosz, whose influence on his career was strong. Grosz included moral hypocrisy and sexual depravity among his targets, however, while Bellmer perceived all sexuality in fierce opposition to the things he abhorred: war, violence, suppression of the individual. Or as Jouffroy said of the *Doll*, "This figure might well be regarded as one of the most effective instruments of counter-magic ever devised by a human being to liberate himself from the system of surveillance whereby society oppresses the individual, whatever the political regime." "Counter-magic" is perhaps what art should be, but so rarely is.

There is one final ironic twist in the long story of the *Doll*. In 1969 the David Stuart Galleries in Los Angeles held their Erotic Show, which included works of numerous contemporary artists but was highlighted by creations of Picasso, Bellmer and Grosz. Picasso's contribution showed a couple in the act of traditional fornication in the lighthearted style that is characteristic of his erotic works. From Bellmer there was the 1936 version of the *Doll*, with legs above and legs below, crotches between both pairs of legs and a belly in between; *in toto* a sensuous composite of feminine curves and crevices. And the painting by Grosz was a satirical, unpretty couple with the woman engaged in fellatio.

The show was widely applauded and most of the newspaper coverage used a photo of the *Doll*. One piece of rather sensational coverage, however, brought the Los Angeles Police Department to the show and not as patrons of the arts. They flashed their badges and began carting out works which they deemed were unfit for public viewing. Much of what they hauled away was tongue-in-cheek (no pun intended) pop art. Also, they picked up the satirical painting by Grosz.

Curiously, but fortunately, they left behind both the Picasso and Bellmer's *Doll*, which were perhaps the most authentic endorsements of eroticism in the whole show. "Counter-magic" Jouffroy had called the *Doll*, and counter-magic it was, for even with the walls stripped of \$20,000 worth of art, the show could continue to delight viewers with the erotica that was left.

The words of Bellmer's astute admirer Jouffroy not only convey the spirit of the artist's works unsurpassably well; here and again they are prophetic. It was Jouffroy who said, "Thanks to Bellmer, certain erotic fantasies have assumed an exemplary form, and nothing will be able to prevent these fantasies . . . from entering the world of fact."

Bellmer's *Doll* began in 1933 as an act of self-liberation. It grew into a vast collection of erotic masterpieces capable of serving in the liberation of humanity, a counter-magic against oppression. ●●●



LOVER'S PILLOWS

HAVING EXHAUSTED WEBSTER'S IN
OUR EFFORT TO OFFER FRESH WORDS
TO DESCRIBE THE FEMALE MAMMALIA,
WE DECIDED TO INNOVATE THE
APT PHRASE, "LOVE PILLOWS."





IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH IMAGINATION TO VISUALIZE HOW RITA'S WOULD BE UTILIZED.





Children began to be indoctrinated with a certain prudishness that seldom relinquished its hold on them even unto their children and children's children, as the saying goes. Prior to the Victorian period, some form of loving contact was approved between mother and the growing child. But this era equated the little boy with a man. It was forbidden for him to gaze upon his mother's undraped body. Thus, the source of food, pleasure, protection and warmth was closed to him as soon as he passed the infant stage. The soft, loving breast was taken from him as soon as possible, and it was decreed that he should never again be able to gaze upon it, and to touch it in love and need.

Consequently, it is not surprising that the breast became an object of fantasy in a manner that had never

before existed. Naturally, it became the understandable wish of young adults and boys to fantasize about the breast—to actually see the forbidden treasures. All this concentration on one portion of the female anatomy resulted in a tendency to accentuate the breast. Clothing became increasingly directed toward the bosom. Bathing suits were even designed to continue the deception that the breasts were large, and fillers were added to give the naked breast a size that formerly could be done only with clothing.

Those fortunate girls who were endowed by nature with big breasts, and those who had resorted to the "breast job" that resulted in a bulging front that kept men's heads swivelling, found themselves in a position unlike that of any female in

past history. Their faces might have brought frowns of worry to their fathers when he sized them up for marriage prospects, their legs may have been thin or stumpy, they might have bulged in the wrong places, but as long as they possessed the large mammary glands so admired by man and boy, they were assured their place in the "boy meets girl" sex game.

It wasn't necessary to have any particular talent, and skill in a profession was only superfluous. For those with bursting mammary beauties, a job, and well-paying, too, was always available to them if they had no compunction in showing their twin beauties. Braless or low-cut blouses were weapons that were brought into play when the gals with bountiful breasts sauntered out into the business world. Office doors quickly opened, all kinds of willing instructors were available to show them how to file or do the simplest office detail. Dates came easy after exposure of the creamy mounds, and the bosom girls had the competition gnashing its teeth in frustration.

Of course, there were some who weren't inclined to exploit their bosom so avariciously. Thankful that they had been blessed with what a man yearns for, they nevertheless were determined not to be made into a mere sex ornament. Many of them insisted on learning the skills necessary to become an expert secretary, an inspiring teacher, or even shut away in some lab as a technician, with her lovely twin orbs covered by a white, shapeless lab coat. This type is often annoyed by the attention she draws simply because her bosom has become a magnet for someone she had been hoping would discover her other assets.

This gal knows only too well that she is in a passing phase. She knows only too well that those twin lovely mounds will change in shape as she ages, and she'll have to rely on something else in the distant future when the day comes that she'll lose the spotlight to some other, younger, larger-breasted miss. But in the meanwhile, she has a weapon that she can use for insurance, and she's not about to turn her back on something that will guarantee her future.



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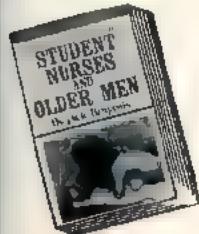
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